Can I stay at yours ? by BigBigVileScum

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Billy has been acting super strange after the snow ball
like he's been nice
what the heck
steve gotta now what the heck this means my guys

Can I stay at yours ?

Waking up in a cold sweat, after another restless night of sleep.
Even though the upside down was closed Steve couldn't help but wake up in the middle of the night to the small bumps he would hear downstairs, hand reaching for his trusty bat which he always kept by his bed dresser.
looking at the time with a groan, rolling out of bed to hold his head in his hands. As much as he hated school he hated working for that damn ice cream joint.
The uniform, the fake smile he's told to wear, and the ' Ahoy. '
But it's better than working for his dad, he reminded himself, jumping out of bed to clean off the stale sweat in the shower.

Helping open up the store with his manager, he took the place behind the counter for his shift, silently praying noone he's ever met before will come in.
But thats gonna happen no matter what, everyone's out for school and hanging out at the mall.
After serving a few families, surviving through the screaming children at the table as their parents force them out the shop.
' Just got ten minutes, ' he mumbles to himself, watching the clock closely, finger tapping against the counter in a nervous rhythm.
" Oh my God. " Steve heard a familiar voice, his blood running cold with shame. Peering up from his gaze that was stuck on the clock, looking at the last group of teenagers he wanted to see.
Tommy with his arm around some new girl with a meathead teenager next to him also, not one that Steve recognised. And behind them was Billy Hargrove.
He didn't need this, from the lack of sleep and the outfit this was bound to end with a suspension.
" Tommy ? the hell you doin' here ? " He sighed, leaning over the counter to talk to him, almost like he was begging.
" I wanted to see if it was true ! , " Tommy sneered, nudging his lady friend as he dug into Steve.
" You gotta say the line , " Steve furrowed his eyebrows at Tommy as he asked this, " I'm not gonna buy nothing if you don't say it ! "
He let out a raspy sigh, squeezing the bridge of his nose. " Ahoy. " He spat out bitterly, not even able to keep his eyes on the other teen as

he spoke.
" Holy shit you sound like such a fag Stevie ! " he reached over the counter to poke Steve shoulder to empathise his joke.
Almost like he was snapped out a dream Billy peered up, visibly annoyed.
" Hey c'mon, least he got a job " he stared into Tommy as he spoke, " Leave the guy be. "
Tommy, almost like a trained dog he stepped back from the counter slightly, pulling his date along with him.
" Whatever, you wanted to come in here anyway. " Tommy lifted his hands in the air, walking his way to the entrance, grumbling to his girlfriend like he just got scolded by a parent.
" Don't freak about kids like him Harrington. " Billy spoke up, his voice is softer than it used to be as he spoke to Steve, almost like he's scared of offending him.

" Yeah, whatever, it's fine " Steve grumbled, turning his eye contact to look away from him as much as he could. He felt embarrassed to high heaven, Billy standing up for him in front of Tommy ?
He mustered up the confidence to look Billy in the eye, being immediately met by a healing bruise around Billy's left eye, a scratch on his cheek, almost like he fell.
His reaction must've been visual, since soon after he saw the wound Billy grew uncomfortable, turning his eyes away.
" Right, ok, " Billy nodded, " Good luck. " He lifted his hand to wave him off, walking out the store.

That encounter stuck with him through out the day.
The hell got into that nut job ? Before that night they had that fight Billy's been awkwardly nice around him, not even getting harassed in the one job he knew Billy would love to.
Was it to make up for breaking his nose or something ? Or was Max keeping him in check some how, he had no idea.
Finally his shift ended, his manager giving him a small cool takeaway container of some left over ice cream, the only plus of this job was the free treats from time to time, depending how much was left over.
Upon entering his house, his parents left a note on the fridge. As usual they've gone on some trip, either his dad going up to New York for work and bringing his wife to show off or his mum forcing his dad to take her to France for the forth time this year.

He grabbed a pack of snacks and the ice cream from work with a can of beer, he wasn't starving so he settled for this crude pile of junk food for dinner.
It hit 10pm when the house phone rang. " Harrington house, " Steve mumbled into the receiver, lighting a cigarette between his lips as he held the phone in between his neck and shoulder.
" Hey Steve ! " It Was a very out of breath Dustin.
" Yeah, what you want pipsqueak ? " Steve felt his voice relax, realising it was just that dork on the other end of the phone.
" Well huh we got a situation right now, " he spoke quickly, hearing voices in the background, if he had to guess it was Max and Lucas.
" Yeah ? You guys ok ? " his chest sunk a bit, what if the upside down opened up ?
" Ok well, We were at the park, 'cuz we he heard there was some weird dogs seen there so we thought ' oh shit demo dogs ' right ? "
" right ? " Steve nodded along, barely understanding Dustins speedy chatter. In the background of Dustins talking he could hear Max yell ' Just get to the point ! '
" Ok ok ! Right Steve we need you here at Max's right now ! " Dustin blurted out, slamming the receiver before letting Steve even question what he's saying.
He grabbed his jacket and left the house quick, locking the house door on the way out and jumping into his car.
Luckily enough he finds the right house, opening the door and walking in quick, immediately being greeted by a beaten demodog corpse on the floor.
" Holy shit.. " Steve froze in his spot, flinching at Dustin running out of one of the bedrooms, " Steve, here , now ! " he spat out, motioning him over before jumping back into the room.
Racing up to the room door he walks in to see Max, Lucas and the rest of the gang in the room, Mike pacing the room panicking, Will sat in the corner and Jane stood quietly watching. It took him a moment to see Billy at on the edge of the bed, holding his left forearm in his hand, a cartoon like bite ingraved in his arm.
" The hell happened ? " Steve took the first aid kit from the bedroom dresser, Dustin obviously finding it but not having a clue on how to even use it. " Well we found the dog right, and we tried to run away from it because we legit forgot how large those fuckers are right, " Dustin spoke slower now, watching Steve dig through the kit for something to patch Billy up, if anything would help.

" Basically we ran back to my place because it was the quickest place to hide and Billy freaked out and beat it up with a frying pan. " Max finished Dustins sentence, passing Steve a roll of bandages to use that she took from the kit.
" I still have no idea what a Demo dog is " Billy mumbled, visibly shaken , eyes glued to the bite.

Steve took a heavy inhale of breath, automatically growing light headed as he looked down at Billy's wound, taking his wrist into his hand.
Taking an alcohol wipe from the kit he pressed it against the open wound, cleaning out the left over froth from the beasts attack. Surprisingly Billy didn't react to the pain that he should be feeling.
The background noise of the kids arguing over who's fault it is blurred out of his ears, his blood running cold as he shifted Billy's jumper sleeve up his forearm. A soft white tally chart of scars sat on his skin, almost blending into his tan. He'd never noticed them before, from far away he could barely make out the scar lining. After a few blinks to understand fully what they were.
Billy shifted his sleeve back down as Steve stared into his arm, Steve flinching back as he realised how obvious he was staring at his wounded arm.
He took a shaky breath before pressing cotton buds into the bite wound, blood soaking into the wool, keeping the wool in place with a large plaster. " Thank god it isn't too deep of a bite I guess, " Steve stood up from the floor, turning his attention on the kids. " You guys better head home, " he cut into their argument, hand on Dustins shoulder.
He followed the kids to the door, offering to drive the kids home, besides Max of course.
Billy stayed silent, watching Steve stand in the door frame, waiting for the kids.
He knew what he saw but he didn't know what to do about it, those scars were old, not recent at all, how long has he been doing that for ?

The thought made him dizzy, staying awkwardly quiet on the car ride home, focused on getting home to eat some more junk food to help comfort him through this mind fuck.

He couldn't sleep right the whole night. The image of that dead demogorgan stayed fresh in his mind, along side the thought of Billy's wounds.
The thought of him doing that to himself never crossed his mind, hell he never even looked.
The scars were faded to the point of not being visible unless you look, they must've been from when he was way younger.
None of this made sense to him, why would he do that ? Was it even him ?
His head grew dizzy from the overwhelming thoughts in his head, groaning into his palms as he rubbed his face.

Slowly fading in and out of sleep, until he snapped awake at the sound of the doorbell.
It was almost hitting 2AM, he grunted as he pulled himself out of bed. Might've been the police, or the kids again.
He hesitated before opening the door, taking his sweet time to unlock the chain.
Swinging open the door he saw the last person he expected to show up at his house at 2AM. Billy Hargrove stood in the doorway, his well worn leather jacket hanging off his shoulder clumsily, obviously he was in a rush to get there.

" Hey Harrington.. " his voice was hushed, gritty like he was smoking more then he used to.
" Hargrove, what are you doing here ? " He grumbled, rubbing the fresh sleep out of his eyes.
His body idled awkwardly in the doorframe for a moment, eventually speaking up. " Oh, did you wanna come in ? " Billy nodded in response, walking into the to warm house without thinking about it for too long.

He fell down onto the sofa, heavy still from just waking up. " So, what is it ? " Steve grumbled, crossing his arms, leaning back into the soft pillows. " What is it ? What do you mean what is it ? " Billys eyes flared open slightly. " Dude what the hell was that thing back there ?! And what the hell is a ' demodog ' ?! Like you gotta tell me those little brats aren't telling me anything ! "
Steve rubbed his face, groaning into his palms, Billy's raised voice echoing in his barely awake brain. " it's too late-early for this Bill, "

he mumbled, “ plus I don’t know that much myself too be honest. “

Hargrove took a moment to breathe, sitting down in defeat down next to Steve.
“ So I’m just gonna have to live with this massive bite mark, “ his hand hovered the wound, heat radiating from the lingering pain. “ You know I had to hide this from my dad, what the fuck am I gonna tell him ? “ he sighed deeply, “ He’s gonna beat the shit outta me. “
Steve felt an uncomfortable surge run through him, “ Like, not actually though, right ? “ he asked without thinking. Billy fell quiet for a moment, knee jumping in an nervous rhythm. “ Figure of speech, don’t take everything to literally “ he stood up quickly, his mood changing ubrubtly. “ Hey, dude, you goin ‘ ? “ Steve stood up with him, shakily standing up after him. “ I gotta go, stupid of me to come here anyway, “ he pulled his jacket back up onto his shoulder. “ You probably wanted me to die back there anyway. “ “ That’s not true at all Billy, you know That. “

Billy scoffed, sulking his way out of Steve house, shutting the front door with a heavy bang.

Steve never thought he’d actually feel gulity for Billy, let alone have the urge to chase after him to apologise for what he’d said.

opening the front door to his house he saw Billy’s car still there, the teen sat in the front of the car with his forehead against the steering wheel. He couldn’t tell if he was crying, and dreaded the thought of having to emotionally support someone in the state he was currently in.

It was either the lack of sleep or the gratuitous amounts of sugar he ate before bed but he mustered up enough confidence to tap on the car window.

There wasn’t a response, Billy’s forehead plastered to the steering wheel still. Steve groaned, knowing he’d regret this, opening the car door. Billy sat up with a jolt, his eyes bloodshot, lids half closed as he looked up at Steve.

” What’cha want now “ billy stirred, rubbing his eyes with the back of his knuckle. Seeing billy in this state hit home for Steve, he

couldn’t even imagine how hard it is for billy to understand all of this, he’s been in his shoes before.

” you’re not seriously driving in this state are you ? “ he huffed like a disappointed parent, “ as much as we don’t really get along I’d like if you could not die. “

Billy yawned, wincing as he stretched his arms out. “ could I stay at yours then ? “ he asked with a softness to his voice, almost childlike with how sleepy he was.

Steve smiled to himself, “ Course, come on “ he stepped to the side of the car, letting billy stumble out, shutting the door behind him. “ There’s a guest room next to my room, unless you wanna be classy and sofa surf. “